

The Trageate

*Hast.* His grace lookes cherefully and smooth to day,  
Thers some conceite or other lik's him well,  
When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit,  
I thinke there is neuer a man in Christendome,  
That can lesse hide his loue or hate then hee:  
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

*Dar.* What of his heart perceiue you in his face,  
By any likelihood he shewed to day?

*Hast.* Marry that with no man here he is offended,  
For if he were, he would haue shewde it in his face.

*Dar.* I pray God he be not, I say.

*Enter Gloucester.*

*Glo.* I pray you all, what do they deserue  
That do conspire my death with diuelish plots  
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preyaild  
Vpon my body with their hellish charmes?

*Hast.* The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord  
Makes me most forward in this noble presence,  
To doome the offenders whatsoeuer they be:  
I say my Lord they haue deserued death,

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the wirtesse of this ill,  
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme  
Is like a blasted sapling withered vp.  
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monstrous witch,  
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,  
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.

*Hast.* If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.

*Glo.* If thou *Protector* of this damned strumpet,  
Telst thou me of ills? thou art a traitor.  
Off with his head: Now by Saint Paul,  
I will not dine to day I swere,  
Vntill I see the same, some see it done:

The rest that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, maner*

*Hast.* Wo, wo, for England, not a whit for me. *Ca with Hast.*  
For I too fond might haue preuented this:  
*Stanley* did dreame the boare did race his helme,  
But I disdaind it and did scorne to flie,  
Three times to day my foote cloth horse did stumble,  
And started when he lookt vpon the Tower,

Of Richard the Third.

As loth to beare me to the slaughter-house,  
Oh now I warrant the Priest that spake to me,  
I now repent I told the Pursuant,  
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,  
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,  
And I my selfe secure in grace and fauour,  
Oh *Margret, Margret*: now thy heauie curse  
Is lightened on poore *Hastings* wretched head.  
*Car.* Dispatch my Lord, the Duke would bee at dinner:  
Make a short shrift he longs to see your head.

*Hast.* O momentary state of worly men,  
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:  
Who builds his hopes in the aire of your faire lookes,  
Lies like a drunken sayler on a mast,  
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe  
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.

Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head.  
They smile at me, that shortly shall be dead. *Exeunt*

*Enter Duke of Gloucester, and Buckingham, in armour.*

*Glo.* Come coulen, canst thou quake & change thy coloure  
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,  
And then begin againe and stop againe,  
As if thou wert distraught and madd with terror,

*Buc.* Tut feare not me,

I can counterfeit the deepe Traicidian,  
Speake and looke backe and pric on euery side;  
Intending deepe suspition gastly lookes  
Are at my seruice like inforced smiles,  
And both are ready in their offices

To grace my stratagems. *Enter Maior,*

*Glo.* Here comes the maior.

*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord maior

*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.

*Buc.* The reason we haue sent for you.

*Glo.* *Catesby* ouer looke the walles.

*Buc.* Marke, I heare a drumme,

*Glo.* Looke backe defend thee here are enemies.

*Buc.* God and our innocency defend vs

*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is *Catesby*.

